

2Pac Lyrics

"Last Wordz"

(feat. Ice Cube, Ice-T)

Got any last words
Yeah I've got some last words
Ice Cube's in the muthafuckin' house
The nigga you love to hate

[Ice Cube:]

Here comes the nigga with the ruff, the terror
The paranoid, gots to get the boy
Get your steel cause I feel like a headbanger
Yeah I got a gang of shits, styles guns
My Uzi weighs a motherfucking ton
Bucking down one, bucking down two
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you
Pigs wear blue, I wear black, nothing but black
Cause Goddamn it's a brand new payback
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga
On the trigger the zigga the zag the nickel the bag
The nigga the sag the forty four mag got you running like a fag
So, keep your muthafucking jokes
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs
No yokes but smokes
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for the cause

Ice-T in the motherfucking house
L.A. Playa

[Ice-T:]

O- to the muthafuckin G, I break crazy
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna Glock me
But the punk motherfucking pigs can't stop me
UHH am I a G, I got proof
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope
2Pac'll string a nigga up if the mob don't
So whats up, punk?
You want what I got, step to me wrong fuck around and get shot
Your moms crying fuck her bust her
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat
Ninety three suckas want me to go out
Throw the ho out, bitch muthafucker I'm rich

2Pac's in the muthafucking house
Nigga I'm loc'd, 2Pac's gonna get'cha motherfuckers
Got any last words

[2Pac:]

Now they're after me, why?, cause a nigga's Black
Spittin' facts and ain't afraid to pull a trigger back
Let em come step to a real muthafucker
(Boom Boom) Mama ain't raised no suckers
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets
Muthafucker Rednecks all the same
Fear a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained
That's why we burn shit and wreck
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead
Dread, jheri curl, process, or bald head
Be prepared for the smoke to bust
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up
United we stand divided we fall
They can shoot one nigga, but they can't take us all
Let's get along with the Mexicans
And we can all have peace on the sets again
Imagine that if it took place (ha ha ha)
Keeping the smile off they White face
I ain't racist but lets trade places
Trace the hate 'n face it
One nigga teach two niggas
Three teach four niggas
And them niggas teach more niggas
And when we blast
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard
And them is my last wordz

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